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A NEW SONG UPON THE King of Poland, AND THE Prince of the Land of Promise.

Agt ye Ld Shaftsbury & the Duke of Monmouth

To a Theater Tune: Or, *Hold fast thy Crown and Scepter*, Charles

18. Sept. 1682

I.

Prince. Duke of Monmouth

O *Poland Monster* of our Isle,
Corruption of our Age;
Which on my Infant Hours didst smile,
'Till thou inflam'd the Rage
of my Ambitious Soul, to sore
'Bove its defiled Sphear;
and, *Icarus*-like, I now must low'r,
Transform'd into Despair.

II.

Now all my Trophies of Success,
Are in Oblivion drown'd;
And none for Me dare now Address,
Where I hop't to be Crown'd.
I by thy false blind *Plots* am sham'd,
Fool'd from a Glorious Sway,
Snatch't from a Father's Arms, and Damn'd,
Like all that Disobey.

III.

Thou call'd my nearest Friends at Court,
Soft, easie, absurd Tools;
That *Kings* were but for States-Men's Sport,
The *Councel* Knaves and Fools.
But I, poor I, find now too late,
Your *Polish Grace* can lye;
None prov'd more weak at the Foyls of State,
Than poor silly *Tom*, and *I*. Dr Chomer Armstrong

VI.

Now, that Imperial *Crown*, which thou
For me so fit had made,
Faln and broak, I know not how,
And all our Wiles betray'd;
Our full Caballs, and *Wapping*-Treats,
Retrench't to Secret Holes:
Treason the strength Our Greatness waits
In these rough reared Walls.

V.

Poland King. Ld Shaftsbury

Thou mighty *Prince*, by me Elect,
I'th *Land of Promise* Sways;
Thy timerous Soul is the Defect
Of Our declining Days.
What brighter Prospect Canst propose,
To Magnifie thy Name,
Than Hearts, and Armes, and Power of Those,
That Rules both Laws and Fame.

VI.

The Rustick-Swains want not the Word,
No Magazines, nor Horse;
'Zwounds Sixty Thousand by the Sword,
Defies both Fate and Curse.
They'l lay Three Kingdoms at Our Feet,
In Blood and mangled Braines;
Then the Traine-Bands, Cinque-Ports, and Fleet,
At Our Command Remains.

VII. King & ye Duke of York.

Though *Rouley*, and His Brother Joynes,
And Wheel's around the Park;
Like two Yoak't Oxen, Tuggs and Twines,
'Gainst Our Designes i'th' Dark,
And wisely weighes; Their Wits has wrought
Our Potent Parties Fall;
That Conquest must be dearer brought,
Else *Tony* Hangs for all.

VIII.

We have reserv'd Machines in store,
To raise more daring Flames,
Then Mortals 'ere Conspir'd before;
Or Damned Furies Frames.
If 'ere a *Parliament* be call'd,
Our Representives there
Shall Scorn to be out box't, or bawl'd,
In Country, Town, or Shire.

IX.

Then every Member of the *Cause*,
Amidst the Armed Rude,
Who shall deside the Pole with blows,
And quash the *Tory* Crow'd.
Then stick to Time, whilst Heads are hot,
Our Force together brings;
If this best *PLOT*, at last fail not,
By *Christ*, we'le Both be Kings!

Printed for the *Polonian King*, in the Year 164800.

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